

The Brandon Mail.

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VOL 5.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1888.

No. 45.

40c | DRY GOODS 40c 40c ON THE DOLLAR.

1,500 yards Satins and Silks, Wool Dress Goods; 65 pieces purchased at 50c on the dollar are rushing out at 15c, 20c and 25c. See them!

Bargains! MANTLE GOODS. Bargains!

Big Bargains here Now is the time to buy a fine mantle for little money, and this is the place. Notions and Fancy Goods, Ladies' and Cents' Plush Dressing Cases, Companions, Albums, Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, etc.; Perforated Felt, Stamped Goods, Arasene Rope Silk, Emby Silk, Filloselle Chenille Tassels, Pon Pins, Fancy Fringes. Prices away down for these. Wool Goods, Facinators, Opera Dhawls, Cloudt, Capes, Hoods, Tiques, Sashes, Mitts, Cuffs.

Do not miss seeing these very handsome Goods before you Buy.

Fur Dolmans, Fur Mitts, Fur Gauntlets, Fur Muffs, Fur Boas, Fur Capes, Fur Jackets, Fur Caps.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

Curtains, Cutains, ———CHEAP, CHEAP!——— Curtains, Curtains.

If you want cheap goods come here. Here if you want cheap goods come.

PAISLEY, MILLER & CARSCADEN.

LEGAL.

HENDERSON & HENDERSON,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.,
Rouser Avenue, Brandon.
Money to loan on improved farm property.
J. G. A. Henderson, H. E. Henderson.

MEDICAL.

DR. SPENCER,
(M.D., C.M., Univ. McGill, Montreal.)
Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Quebec and Manitoba.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
TENTH ST., NEXT THE SCHOOL HOUSE,
BRANDON.

DR. L. M. MORE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.
Successor to F. E. DOERING, DENTIST.
Office—Corner 10th Street and Rouser Avenue.
Gas for Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Teeth inserted without plates. Office always open.

DENTAL.

S. W. McINNES, D.D.S.,
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College.
Successor to F. E. DOERING, DENTIST.
Office—Corner 10th Street and Rouser Avenue.
Gas for Painless Extraction of Teeth.
Teeth inserted without plates. Office always open.

John Dickson, D.D.S.,
DENTIST.
Over FLEMING'S DRUG STORE,
FRONT AND ROUSER AVENUE.
ANÆSTHETICS ADMINISTERED FOR
PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH

Auction Sale!
—AT THE—
BRANDON REPOSITORY,
Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1888,
21 Horses, Horned Stock, Pigs,
Poultry, Rolling Stock and
Implements of every
description.

These sales take place only on the third Wednesday
of every month.
Some of the best Farms in the neighborhood
for Sale, cheap, and on reasonable terms.
CHAS. PILLING, Auctioneer.

GO TO CHUBB'S

Occidental Restaurant!
HEADQUARTERS

FOR GOOD

OYSTERS.

We are the sole agents of this district for Geo. F. Phelps' celebrated Baltimore Oyster, and can and do defy competition in Quality and Price. Wholesale and Retail.

PIPES.

Our line of Pipes is now complete and we will be found to have the largest stock west of Winnipeg. 20 per cent. lower than the usual prices asked in the city.

TOBACCOES.

In Tobaccos we have all the leading brands in Chewing and Smoking. Cut and Plug 20 per cent. discount on all purchases of one dollar and over.

CIGARS.

We have the largest and best stock of Domestic and Imported Cigars in the City, and in which we will not be undersold.

Confectionery, Candies, Fruit, Meats and Orsters.

Served in the best style. Everything Fresh.
P.S.—To THE LADIES—We have the only Ladies' Oyster parlor in the City with a private entrance from the front street.

—GIVE US A CALL—

Mrs. E. CHUBB,
Occidental Restaurant,
10th Street, South Fraser's.

ENGLAND'S NOBILITY.

LONDON, Nov. 29.—London society has received another distressing shock by the announcement that the heir of Sir Robert Walpole, the celebrated prime minister of the first and second Georges and future Earl of Oxford, has been sent for breach of promise. The case was called in the Queen's Bench division, as telegraphed in these dispatches yesterday. Miss Valery Weidman brought suit against Capt. Robert Walpole for breach of promise and libel, claiming £10,000 damages. Not many months ago Capt. Walpole and Miss Corbin, an American woman, were quietly married at Paris, and from subsequent events it appeared that the affair was conducted privately owing to Miss Weidman's avowed intention of making trouble for the groom. The principle witness was Miss Weidman herself. She is a bright, fresh looking blonde, daughter of a North German pastor. She is a person of education and refined manners. Although subjected to sharp interrogations, she told her story in an impressive manner. She testified that Capt. Walpole met her in 1882 at the Hotel Daugleterre, Constantinople, where she was employed as governess to the proprietor's daughters. He made her acquaintance and paid her marked attention for several days after and finally asked her to marry him, at the same time fittingly kissing her. She angrily left him. When she returned from the opera that night she did not notice that the bolt catch on the bed-room door had been removed. She sat at the open window for some minutes, and before she knew it Walpole was at her side. She ordered him from the room and tried to ring the servant's bell but he forcibly restrained her. After convincing her he loved her sincerely, he remained in her room, next evening he dined with her, and as an earnest of his intentions he placed on her finger his signet ring. Next day he persuaded her to meet him in Cannes, and gave her £200. Arriving there she met his mother. When she spoke of her supposed engagement Mrs. Walpole told her the captain was only her friend. He would be ruined if he did not marry a rich girl. Mrs. Walpole convinced to have her put out of the hotel. Capt. Walpole then sent his friend, Capt. Darlington, to her to take her to Paris, where he promised to meet her, but when she arrived there found he had no intention of meeting her. She then went to her brother-in-law in Germany, where the child was born in June, 1883. Capt. Walpole will deny the promise and will plead that if it were made it was made in Turkey, where no action is maintainable. He claims his signet ring was stolen, and the letter which he wrote his agent accusing her of the theft is the basis for action for libel, which Walpole will plead as a privilege.

LONDON, Nov. 30.—The sensational suit which was begun by Miss Weidman, a German governess, against Robert Horace Walpole for breach of promise called to-day in an extraordinary manner. The Queen's bench division was crowded with representatives of every grade of society owing to the great publicity given the case by the newspapers. Miss Weidman was placed on the stand. Solicitor General Winch resumed cross-examination. She said she wrote Captain Walpole's mother and her fiancée that she had a child living. "Is it living now?" asked the solicitor. "I decline to answer," replied Miss Weidman. The judge told her to answer. She reluctantly said it was. "Was your child born in June, 1883?" asked the solicitor. At this question her face blazed with indignation. She stamped her foot and burst into tears. "I will not answer these questions," she cried hysterically. "It is disgraceful; I am only suing for breach of promise and my child has nothing to do with the case. I would rather go out of court than answer. After six years to put such a disgrace upon me it is a shame to lunacy." The judge kindly told her she must answer the question. Her counsel tried to reason with her but to no purpose. She declared amid sobs that she would rather abandon the case. Arguments, threats and pleadings failed to alter her mind, and the judge reluctantly directed the jury to find a verdict for Walpole, who was a breathless witness of the remarkable scene. It was understood the defence would have tried to prove the child was not Walpole's, and his friends say Miss Weidman dared not undergo examination on this point. Her friends claim she has been driven almost distracted by her troubles, and the prospect of having to face exposure in court nearly drove her mad. It was feared from the first that she would refuse to answer questions relating to her child. The presumption is that the child was adopted by someone on condition that its whereabouts and identity would never be revealed. A motion for a new trial will be made to the divisional court on the ground that the plaintiff, being a foreigner, did not understand the consequences of her refusal to answer the solicitor-general's questions, and meant to retire simply to have time to consider her position.

PROVINCIAL AND GENERAL.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Jones, wife of C. H. Jones, formerly clerk of the municipality of Ellice, died at the residence of Mr. A. Workman of Wapella. Mrs. Jones had been several years in a poor state of health.

A despatch from St. Paul says: P. J. Fortune, the former U. S. marshal in this city, was arrested to-day by Detective Dan O'Connor, and will be returned here tomorrow to answer the charge of forging the name of United States Marshal Campbell to a check for \$63, and raising another from \$7 to \$70. Fortune is an Irishman by birth, and came here from Winnipeg, where he forged a check for \$50, and was saved from prosecution by his wife making good the amount.

section by his wife making good the amount.

Last Tuesday night L. Davis, a Donald merchant, was robbed at a clearance of jewelry to the value of \$2,000. On retiring about 23 o'clock he showed his jewelry case under the bed, which was occupied by the telegraph operator and himself. On looking for it next morning it could not be found. The case contained gold watches, diamonds, and miscellaneous jewelry. No clue has yet been obtained as to who committed the theft. Clauwilliam is a telegraph station nine miles west of Revelstoke.

D. B. Campbell & Co., the contractors allotted the snowshed work west of the summit, have completed their contract and paid off their men. They were paid about \$50,000 employed 150 men, and used 1,500,000 feet of timber and lumber. Mr. Campbell expects to close up the business the coming week, when he will go to Ontario and take a contract on the road now being graded by the C. P. R. between London and Windsor. He expects to be back here building roads next summer.

Mr. Malcolm Cunningham, who is perhaps the oldest resident of this province living in Portage district remarked the other day that it was only with the assistance of civilization that early frost came to be known in Manitoba. He says for sixty years of his life in this province he never knew of early frosts that affected the grain; and the farmers never thought of beginning seeding before May at frequently planting wheat as late as the first of June, and coming out with a splendid crop in due time.

A meeting of the young men of Oak Lake took place last Friday week in the church, for the purpose of forming a literary and debating society. The following officers were elected: E. Dickson, M. P. F., president; Rev. D. H. Hodges, vice president; Mr. C. Babat, secretary. The society will meet every Tuesday evening, and will be a valuable acquisition to Oak Lake.

Miss Fanny Horsman, Oak Lake, returned from Ellikhorn on Monday, where she has been for a few days taking charge of the Washabaw Indian home during the absence of Miss Robinson, the lady principal, who was on a visit to friends in Mooseomin.

The new Methodist church, Virden, is now all but completed, and is a credit to the Methodists of this district. We understand that the building will be delivered up by the contractors, Messrs. McLean & Mooney, this week. The building, which is 26x60 feet in size, and has the largest audience room of any building in Virden, has cost about \$1,200. The opening services will be held on the 9th of December, on which occasion the Rev. F. M. Finn will preach in the morning and evening, and the Rev. Mr. Woodworth will take the service in the afternoon. On the following there will be a public tea, followed by a lecture by the Rev. F. M. Finn, who is well known as one of the most popular lecturers of Manitoba.

"Why should I not?" asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion.

"Why should you, rather?" she replied. "You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence; everyone loves you; even the servants who wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold! You seem to me more lovely than a poet's dream."

Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her. She experienced a girl's natural delight in being called lovely. Then she passed her white fingers over the bowed head.

"Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?"

"No; I have never heard anyone speak of me in that way," replied Veronica.

"Then let me tell you now," said Katherine. "You are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you—I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rosebud, you are like a mystical passion-flower. There are hundreds of girls like me—there can be few others like you."

"Is it really true?" asked Veronica. "Am I really beautiful? Tell me, Catherine—do you think that anyone who saw me for the first time would like me?"

"I am sure that everyone would admire you very much, and those who knew would love you."

"It seems so strange," said Veronica—and Katherine saw a light come over her face—"so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I have often wondered if ever anyone would love me."

"Did they not love you at home?" asked Katherine, surprised.

"We will not talk of home," was the reply, uttered sadly. "No; you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me 'I love you!'"

"I am glad, yet sorry," said the English girl, slowly.

A strange light came over Veronica's face; her eyes darkened, a quiver passed over her lips.

"Yes, you are the first," she said; "and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, 'I love you,' I swear fidelity to you—I will be true to you until death—I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you, or by suffering myself save you from suffering, I will do it or undergo it."

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words.

"How much you think of kind words, Veronica!" she said, quietly.

"Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world has been so utterly alone."

"It is all ended now, said Katherine; 'you have us to love you.'"

"Yes, it is ended," returned Veronica. "Do you know, Katherine, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright? It seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was all golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seem common to you. Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them. They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life. I thought the man who wrote them—Alfred—was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness. Do you know, Katherine—I like to give you the sweetest Italian name—that for long years I have had—but one thought, and that that was how soon Heaven would let me die!"

Katherine crossed the dark shining waves of hair.

"As thoughts as those have brought all those mystical shadows into your eyes, Veronica; we must have no more of them," she said.

"Even my name," remarked the girl, "has a sad sound of music in it. And so you love me, Katherine? Tell me what to do for you, how to thank you, how to give you—I will see with your eyes, I will hear with your ears. I shall go to sleep happy, I shall wake up happy, thinking to myself that someone loves me. You have brightened all my life for me by your goodness."

"I do not think it is goodness," said Katherine; "with me it is simply that I cannot help it."

"It might have been different," rejoined Veronica. "You might have been angry and vexed that a stranger should come into your home—the very heart of your home, as it were—you might have received me coolly, treated me unkindly, laughed at me, even because of my strange dress and strange manners—but you have been an angel

of goodness to me. For that," she continued, with the sudden passion that made her so beautiful, "I will give you my life should you need it, my service always, my love if you will take it, my heart always."

They formed certainly one of the prettiest of pictures—the English girl, with her bright, fair beauty, her golden hair, her dress of white silk, her shining jewels, her happy, loving, bright manner, and the dark-eyed Venetian, with her pale, passionate, matchless loveliness, her black robe so quaint and picturesque. Then, as they talked longer, gradually they changed attitudes; it was Veronica who became the protector, and Katherine the younger sister. Their lives had been so different, yet they were children of one father. Veronica's one wonder was the long shining golden hair. She never tired of caressing it, of twining it round her fingers, of praising it.

"Do you know," she said to Katherine, "that once—oh, long ago—I was arranging an old wardrobe for my aunt, and I saw a little parcel of white paper?"

opened it, and inside it lay a long tress of shining golden hair so much like this. I was almost frightened at it, for it seemed to twine round my fingers as though it were living. I took it to my aunt and showed it to her. She grew so angry. 'Whenever you see hair like that,' she said, 'always pray that England may be ruined by its own gold, by the greed of its sons and the folly of its daughters.' Her words come back to my mind now as I hold this golden hair in my hands."

"They were very horrible words, and your aunt must have been wicked to utter them. What harm had the English done her?"

"I cannot tell, but she hated them. She was angry that I wished to learn English; but I would. It was strange that when she hated it I should love it. I think England beautiful. Our Venice is perhaps one of the fairest spots on earth, but everything seems brighter and happier here."

"Papa," said Katherine, that same evening. "I fancy your ward Veronica has been very unhappy all her life."

"I hope not," he returned, quietly. "I feel sure of it. I have been contrasting her lot with mine. How strange it is, papa, that in this world things are so unequal! Some have so much, others so little. Veronica seems to me to have had nothing."

He made no reply, but he thought to himself that it was hard, seeing that they were children of one father. Later on he drew Katherine's golden head down and kissed her face.

"You will be kind to Veronica, my dear," he said. "A joyless life is hard to bear."

And Katherine obeyed him, because it was impossible to know Veronica and not to love her.

CHAPTER IV.

Before two weeks had passed Veronica was quite at home at Queen's Chase. Lady Brandon, who had at first been inclined to look upon the whole matter as a misfortune, now began to think otherwise. She thought to herself that the next season she would be more popular than ever. She would be mother of one of the fairest blondes and chaperon of one of the most beautiful brunettes. She saw that the two girls would never be rivals, their style differed so greatly, and she began to take great interest in Veronica. She went to her husband and told him that she must have *carte blanche* for Veronica's wardrobe.

"It is all very well," said her ladyship, "to look like a picture; but dressing like one is quite a different matter. Your ward must dress like other people, Sir Jasper. I suppose she can have what money she likes?"

"Certainly," replied Sir Jasper. "She is an heiress, I have told you. She must be treated as one," and soon afterward he placed in her hands a check for three hundred pounds. We can arrange later on," he added, "about her yearly allowance—at present, purchase for her everything that she requires."

"Her wants are legion," said Lady Brandon; "she has literally nothing, except a few picturesque old dresses that would look very nice in an old curiosity shop."

Lady Brandon set to work at once. She knew too well the effect of dress to order to transform Veronica into a fashionable English lady. Everything she purchased was made after some picturesque Venetian fashion, and Sir Jasper was pleased when he saw it.

"I have preserved the unities," he said to his wife with one of those rare smiles that so altered the expression of his face.

As for Veronica herself, she could not understand such attention.

"All this for me!" she cried, when she saw the lace, the silks, the velvets, the thousand little elegancies that make up a lady's toilet—fans and slippers, gloves and sunshades.

Then Sir Jasper brought her some

superb jewels—a set of rubies that suited her dark velviness, a set of corals and a suite of diamonds. The girl raised her wondering face to his when he showed them to her.

"Why do you do all this for me?" she asked.

He looked down at her. She was looking at him with dead Giulia's lovely eyes.

"Why? he repeated. 'Because I am your guardian. You will know more some day.'"

She took his hand and kissed it in her strange, impulsive fashion.

"You are very good to me, and I am very grateful," she said.

But it seemed to him that Giulia's lips had touched him. He shrank back, pale and trembling.

"Never do that again, child," he said "never again."

She glanced at him quickly, not understanding. How should she?

"Have I vexed you?" she asked. "I am sorry, for you are so kind."

"You have not vexed me, Veronica," he said. "Why should you have done so? English people are unused to showing emotion—yours startled me. I am pleased that you like the jewels. I shall be glad to see you wear them when your black dresses are laid aside."

By the middle of December Veronica was quite at home. How she loved Katherine! She had a strange, vague, undefined sentiment about Sir Jasper—a feeling that even she herself could not understand. She was grateful to Lady Brandon; she would have done anything for her. But it was Katherine whom she loved—the beautiful, dainty, capricious young heiress—Katherine, who had been the first to love her.

There was something almost pathetic in the way in which she followed her about and waited upon her. She would have served her almost on her knees. She watched her every look, waited for her every word. Lady Brandon was amused by it, Sir Jasper was pained.

She had been introduced to most of their friends and neighbors; the beautiful Venetian girl whose face was a study, whose voice was like music, was admired by all who saw her. She went with Katherine to all the balls, the soirees, the parties in the neighborhood, where they reigned as sultanas. There was no jealousy, no rivalry between them. How could there be, when Veronica worshipped her brilliant young sister?

So Christmas came, and it was, as usual, kept up in right good English style at Queen's Chase. Every man, woman, and child on the estate was the happier for its coming, and richer; Sir Jasper was most liberal. The friends he had invited came, and among them was Alton, Lord Wynleigh, who had decided not to leave Queen's Chase until he had won the hand of his heiress. He conquered after a few days' hard siege; the lovely, willful girl had pledged her troth to him, and he knew that she would keep it sacred until death. It was a pretty love-story, coming to a crisis on Christmas Eve, as he held her under the mistletoe and demanded the forfeit.

"Give me something else, Kate," he said. "A kiss from you is indeed a favor, but I want something more."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want your love, your promise to be my wife, your troth-plight. I want you, my darling, to be my own forever and ever. What do you say?"

The sweet flushed face drooped before his, the blue eyes could not meet his own, the sweet lips opened, but he did not hear the faint whisper that came from them.

"Kate," he said, "what do you say? You know, my darling, if I thought you did not love me, I would go away now from out of the light of your sweet presence, and I would—well, I should be worth nothing all the rest of my life. You see, Kate, you are a great heiress—that makes all the difference."

"What difference does it make?" she asked.

"Just this—that if you were not a great heiress, I would make you love me. I would clasp you now in my arms and kiss you until you said 'Yes!' but—"

"But what, Alton?"

"If I urged you too much, and prayed and begged of you as it is in my heart to pray, you might think I cared about your fortune; but I do not."

"I am sure you do not," she replied.

"My darling," he said, drawing her nearer to him, "you trust me; you shall see that your trust is not in vain. Will you be my wife, Kate?"

The answer this time must have satisfied him, for he kissed the lips which it trembled, murmuring words that were sweetest music to Katherine.

"I shall work for you, Kate," he said—"my Kate, the bonniest Kate in Christendom. I will not ask you to marry me until I have made a position worthy of your father's daughter. I have led a useless life, but it shall be

useless no more. I will work for you. Men shall never say I married an heiress for her money. Kate, your sweet love has made a man of me. To-morrow will be Christmas Day, and in the morning I shall go to your father and tell him. Will he give you to me, Kate?"

"I hope so," she replied silently. "He would do anything to make me happy."

That was why Sir Jasper sat on Christmas morning as the gay bells were ringing, with saddened eyes and darkening face, while the great heart of the world beat high with joy. Lord Wynleigh had waited upon him to make his formal request for his daughter's hand. Sir Jasper listened kindly—he had a great liking for the gallant, handsome young lover.

"What am I to say to you, Wynleigh? My daughter has many suitors. I should like her to marry the one she loves best."

"That is myself, Sir Jasper," he replied, proudly.

Sir Jasper smiled.

"You think so. Well, there is one remark I must make. So far as regards 'worldly goods,' you are certainly not the most eligible lover."

"Never mind that, Sir Jasper," said Lord Wynleigh. "I know it, and am going to remedy it. Do not imagine that I am saying to you. Give me your daughter now at once—my hands are empty, but she will fill them. It is not that. I say, give me the hope of one day calling Katherine my wife, and I will set to work at once. I will make such a name that I shall not be ashamed to ask her to share it. Will you say 'Yes' Sir Jasper?"

"You speak bravely. You are sure my daughter loves you?"

"Kate says so," the young man replied, "and she never speaks falsely."

(To be Continued.)

In a Dreadful Condition.

Hattie E. Manthorn, of Mill Village, Ont., says, "My cough was dreadful, I could not sleep at nights on account of it, but when I used Haggard's Pectoral Balsam I had rest and was quickly cured." All druggists sell this invaluable cough remedy.

A Pleasing Duty.

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Barton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

A High Valuation.

"If there was only one bottle of Haggard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brand, of Menteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with as he says, "astonishing good results."

Milkum in Parvo.

There is much in a little, as regards Burdock Blood Bitters. You do not have to take quarts and gallons to get at the medicine it contains. Every drop in every dose has medicinal virtue as a blood purifying, system regulating tonic.

Of Great Utility.

There is no other medicine of such general usefulness in the household as Haggard's Yellow Oil for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, sore throat and all internal and external pains and injuries.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

WHAT SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES

Wonderful Flesh Producer.
Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. Containing the stimulating Hypophosphites and Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.
PALATABLE AS MILK.
Said by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, listless, and indecisibly miserable, both physically and mentally? Experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating of food? "Nervousness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "beating" of the heart, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, but these alternating with chilly sensations, numbness, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, watchfulness, disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indestructible feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies, Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disorder has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions, in a reasonable length of time. If not cured, a "application" of this powerful medicine, to the system, will cure it. It is a powerful blood-purifying agent, and cures the system of all blood-poisons and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is a equally efficacious in acting upon the kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing the system of all blood-poisons and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, it builds up the system, and restores the system to its normal state. This wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fevers, Agues, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, "Skin-rheum," "Fever-sores," "Scurvy" or "Lough" Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by the powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eruptions, Erysipelas, and other skin diseases, are cured by its use. It is a powerful blood-purifier, and cures the system of all blood-poisons and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, it builds up the system, and restores the system to its normal state. This wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fevers, Agues, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you will find that a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvellous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this most world-renowned remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-inflammatory, and nutritive properties, is unequalled not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all chronic diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Scurvy, Constipation, and kindred ailments it is an efficient remedy.

Sent by Druggists at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. No adulteration! It is the only baking powder that is made in Canada. It is the only baking powder that is made in Canada. It is the only baking powder that is made in Canada.

TENDER FOR A PERMIT TO CUT TIMBER ON DOMINION LANDS IN THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior and Natural Timber for a permit to cut timber, will be received at the Department until 10 a.m. on Monday, the 25th day of November next, for a permit to cut timber on a berth of fifty square miles, more or less, situated on the north shore of Lake Manitoba, in the province of Manitoba.

The conditions under which a permit will be issued may be obtained at the Department or at the Crown Timber Office at Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque, payable to the order of the Acting Deputy Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit.

JOHN R. HALL,
Acting Deputy of the Minister of Interior,
Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 26th Oct., 1888.

N LUMBER YARD AT DOUGLASS

All Kinds of Lumber and Building Material

for sale by

P. J. MITCHELL.

Agent for the Newcomb, Price and Lumber Life Insurance Company.

Special at Brandon.

WE HAVE SEVERAL LINES OF

CHOICE SEASONABLE GOODS

in which our stock is too heavy. To close them out AT ONCE, we have marked them down to a nominal figure—in many cases less than Half Price. These lines are divided into lots numbered as follows:

Lot One :

Eighteen Boy's and Youth's Overcoats, Sizes 28 to 34. Regular Price \$7.50, OW \$4.90

Lot Two :

Boy's and Youth's Overcoats, Fancy Tweed Lined, most of them with capes, all choice goods, worth at least \$6 to \$7.50, for only \$3.90 and \$4.50 each.

Lot Three :

Eighteen Men's Overcoats at \$5, old price \$8.

Lot Four :

About Twelve Ladies' Short Jackets. Former Price \$5.50 to \$6. OW \$3.50 each.

We have also an immense stock of

Men's Fur Coats and Ladies Astrakhan Jackets.

We are giving grand value in these goods and we sell only the most reliable. Nearly 100 Fur Coats to select from, and prices down to the lowest notch.

Mitts of every kind, Moccasins of every kind. Felt Socks at 50c, worth 75c. Overcloths at \$1 a Suit.

We are determined to sell, and purchasers with the cash should not fail to see us.

FRASER'S BIG STORE, Masonic Block, and on.

Big Sale of Misses' Jackets, Ulsters and Cloaks.

20 per cent. Discount.

2 per cent. Discount.

We have about 100 Ulsters and Cloaks on hand, which we wish to sell off at once. We give you back 20 per cent. on each Dollar on these for cash only.

\$3.00	Cloaks and Jackets for	\$2.40	\$7.00	Cloaks and Jackets for	\$5.60
\$4.00	"	\$3.20	\$8.00	"	\$6.40
\$5.00	"	\$4.00	\$9.00	"	\$7.20
\$6.00	"	\$4.80	\$10.00	"	\$8.00

COME IN AND BUY

We also show Special Value in Ladies' ULSTERS, CLOAKS, and HATS, Silks, Woollens, Etc.

FRASER'S STORE. MASONIC BLOCK, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

THE

GOLDEN LION.



THE

GOLDEN LION.

CLOTHING HEADQUART'RS

20 Cents off Every Dollar 20

FOR

30 DAYS.

Owing to the mildness of the weather and the extensive stock of winter clothing and overcoats (with and without fur trimmings) which we have on hand we have decided to clear out the entire stock at 20 per cent. discount. Men's and Boys' Clothing. Overcoats. Odd Pants. Odd Coats, &c.

Now is the time to secure your winter suit, boy's suit or overcoat at 80 cents on the \$.

GOODS ALL MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

BOOTS and SHOES.—Our discount sale in this department has been a marvellous success, and as we intend going out of this line altogether, the discount sale of 20 per cent. will be continued until the entire stock is disposed of. Buy your boots and shoes at the GOLDEN LION and save 20 per cent.

Buy your clothing, overcoats, men's and boy's suits, at the GOLDEN LION and save 20 per cent.

Somerville, McKelvie & Co., GOLDEN LION.

SIGN OF THE

Agitators of Low Prices.

N. B.—Received per express to-day at the Golden Lion, Corduroy, Tweed, Silk and Plush Driving Caps, Fore and After, and Jockey Caps, the newest styles in the market.

Brandon Weekly Mail

THURSDAY, DEC. 6, 1888.

COUNCILS' DUTIES.

It strikes as forcibly those of our townspeople who favor the idea of "keeping down taxation" by levying an insufficient sum to pay running expenses, are making a serious mistake, and one that must end in a disaster to the city in the future if persevered in. The very idea of having expenditures exceed receipts in any business public or private so savors of insolvency or repudiation in the commercial world that all business men and business institutions should shun it as they would absolute disaster. Low taxes may be popular, but if the residents who hold any real estate or other substantial interests in the place were made fully aware of the inevitable consequences it would soon divest the expression of any of its attractive flavor. We fully believe in discharging any and all servants whose services could be dispensed with; in reducing all salaries to the minimum that will retain efficiency, in the omission of all public works and improvements not actually required or that can be dispensed with without detracting from the respectability or impairing the standing of the place; in placing of all debentures where the highest value for them can be got; but there for the most part rightness must end, if the place is to grow and prosper—a false economy is also to be avoided. The comparatively high taxation of the present year is owing to the fact the present council have met obligations for the sinking fund; have paid running expenses, and met a portion of the deficits of their predecessors, and this is laid at their doors by some as a crime for which they should be decapitated. We want all property owners and other well wishers of the place, however, to carefully look into the question before running with the popular current. In the first place we believe all previous councils who levied short of the city's requirements violated the law of the land in so doing as the law says each corporation "shall levy a rate sufficient to meet all running expenses and other demands upon the corporation," and this, it is admitted they have not done in Brandon. Our debentures were sold on the distinct understanding

the terms of the by-laws under which they were issued would be observed, namely by that the sinking fund would be annually provided for, and this would not be done, if the advice of the "low taxes" party were strictly followed.

Besides the argument of these would be economists is another refuge under a violation of the law—the issue of debentures to cover an accumulation of deficits. As we have shown it would be illegal (as every corporation is supposed by the law to pay its way as it goes) to issue such debentures, and they could be upset in the courts at any time if issued. No one would give comparative value for them when thrown on the market. The attempt to sell the debentures of corporations that pay their way as they go at a fair figure is often a difficult enough task, but the effort to sell those of places that do not pay as they go and to raise money to cover an accumulation of deficits would be a task but few financiers would be willing to undertake. If they sold at all it would be at a great sacrifice and the taxation necessary a few years hence to pay interest and the sacrifice of face value, would be an undertaking fraught with much more hardships than paying out way at the present time. As we showed in our last issue the future will have burdens enough of its own to look after, no matter how fast the place may grow, for water-works, drainage, city hall, market houses, bonuses to entrepreneurs, railways &c. increased servants, &c. &c. and the present should pay its way also. Our readers must bear in mind that if late councils had levied as they should have done, the increase of this year would be next to nothing, so it is manifestly unjust to visit indignation upon the Board of the present year, for the sins of omission and commission of their predecessors.

The following is given as a report of Joe Martin's antics before the Supreme Court at Ottawa:

When Mr. Blake resumed his seat Attorney-General Martin rose, with the permission of the court, to deny the statement that the railway system Manitoba had in contemplation could not be completed without crossing the C. P. R.'s main line. He explained that the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway is a Dominion line and has power to cross, and that the Provincial road might connect with it and get across that way.

If it is a fact, as Martin alleges, some arrangement was under way by which the M. & N. W. line was to cross the C. P. R. at the Portage, how is it the officials of that line know nothing of it? If, again, that crossing was to be made, and the local government was to take advantage of it, how is it that Martin graded his Portage extension up to the C. P. R. fence at the Portage and sent teams across the C. P. R. line to work on the other side of it? The truth is Martin thought his abilities as a bullying blusterer would enable him to do anything he liked with the C. P. R., law or no law, but before the Supreme Court he wanted to hide his ridiculous position as much as he could for very shame. The truth is Joe Martin is the champion liar of the province, and many of his friends do not hesitate to say so.

The Neepawa Register wants to know why it is there is no report of any quantity of wheat going over the R. R. V. R. The reason is plain, to use a Winnipeg Sunism the R. R. V. has "finked," and Gretnawayism and Martinism are nearly "defunct."

MONTREAL Nov. 26.—Attorney-General Martin, who was in the city yesterday, said his position on the railway matter had been slightly misunderstood. He denied having said that they would build the road, law or no law. The story of the militia standing over the men was substantially true. Although he could not say that their rifles were actually loaded, they had at any rate belts full of cartridges. They purposed now to do nothing until the decision of the Supreme Court was given. He admitted that the agitation was doing the province much harm, but the people desired it. They were determined to have railway competition, and placed that before every other consideration. He denied the charge of corruption, and said their accusers had had every opportunity to prove everything they could. The foregoing appeared in the Winnipeg Sun. "He denied having said he would build the road law or no law?" Yes, but he went as far with it as his bluster and physical force would allow him before he knew how far the law would bear him out, or whether he had the law at all in his favor. The question was would he not only have crossed the C. P. R. branches but also the main line at the Portage, which he said before the Suore

Court at Ottawa, he had no intention of crossing, if the C. P. R. had not employed dead engines and physical force to prevent him. He may not have known the Winchester were loaded, though he said they were, but this is nothing strange as he has lately learned to his mortification the whole question is loaded and cocked which he imagined was hollow and empty.

Joe Martin is loose and says the press misrepresented him in his remarks before the Supreme Court as to crossing the main line of the C. P. R. at the Portage. Somehow poor Martin is always misrepresented. In fact honor and truth were misrepresented the day he was born.

The Winnipeg Sun says: Hon. Mr. Smart is expected to arrive home from the east to-morrow, having recovered sufficiently to resume the head of his department. He will take up his permanent residence in Winnipeg with his family. Now, this is the same Mr. Smart who told the people of Brandon in the ink la t July they should not complain of his large salary as every dollar of it would be spent in the city of Brandon. And still Mr. Smart is represented by his friends as being a man above prevaricating.

Rotary snowplough No. 101, recently arrived at Donald from the Montreal shops, was given a trial on Friday. There was enough snow on the summer track at the summit to give it a practical test. The snow was quite soft and the plough did not work as satisfactorily as if the snow had been dry. It was run as far west as Sicamous and is now at Revelstoke. It is said to be the intention to keep the plough on the line west of Revelstoke.

Pioneer Press: The Manitoba road has made arrangements to run through trains from St. Paul to San Francisco, and as soon as some minor details can be arranged the service will begin. The trains will pass through the cities of St. Cloud, Fergus Falls, Crookston, Grand Forks, Devils Lake, Minot, Bismarck, Great Falls, Helena and Butte. This is the end of the Manitoba road at present, but the trains will run over the Union Pacific to Ogden and Salt Lake City, and over the Central Pacific, now called the Southern Pacific, to Sacramento and San Francisco. This gives St. Paul two direct lines to the Pacific coast, this city being the terminus of both.

Municipality Of Elton.

The council met at the house of Mrs. Young on the 15th of Nov.
All the members were present.
The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.
Communications were received from W. H. White, re school money for 1888, from John Cessford re statute labor performed by Mr. Bailey, from J. G. B. Rogers, re statute labor performed by himself, from Excelsior Assembly K. of L., enclosing a copy of a petition re taxation, from Clifford Sifton, M. P. P., re Municipal Act.

NOTICES.
Payne—Bryans—That we advance \$150 to Aikenside school district.—Carried.
Payne—That we advance Rugby school district \$300.—Carried.
Carwell—Bryans—That when the secretary receives the amount necessary to redeem North 4 of Section 36-12-17, he refund the sum of \$26.52 on same.—Carried.
Bryans—Payne—That the statute labor tax on W. 35, 32-12-18, amounting to \$6 be remitted.—Carried.
Swallow—Nevin—That \$6 be refunded to Stephen Clement for statute labor charged on N. 35 5-11-17, in 1886.—Carried.
Nevin—Payne—That the communication from Excelsior Assembly K. of L. be laid over for future consideration.—Carried.
Payne—Bryans—That the following accounts be paid: W. F. Smith, building plank and grade, \$20; H. Beams, laying plank and furnishing sleepers, \$3; E. Menzies, grade and timber, \$40; C. A. Larkin, lumber, \$107.95; Wm. Madder, spikes, 80 cents; P. L. Mitchell, lumber, \$7.15; E. J. Barclay, balance of account, lumber, \$28.63; W. A. Macdonald, solicitor's fees, \$24; M. G. Aley, postage, \$25; G. Matheson, grade, \$10; Jas. Davidson, building culvert and grade, \$35; Jas. Christie, do., \$7; Jas. McFarlane, lumber, \$5; Mrs. Young, rent, \$10; M. G. Aley, on account, salary, \$50; Jas. Bryans, councillor's fees, \$12; Thos. Nevin, councillor's fees with mileage, \$18; J. Payne, do., \$23; R. H. Swallow, do., \$23; Jas. Barland, do., \$24; Jno. Carwell, do., \$19.80; T. J. Pentland, reve. do., \$22.60; T. J. Pentland, assisting to select jurors, \$3; M. G. Aley, do., \$4.—Carried.
Swallow—Nevin—That Clinton school district receive its full amount of general school tax on Dec. 31st, 1888.—Carried.
Swallow—Payne—That E. Menzies be paid \$15 for filling on road between sections 27 and 28, township 12, range, 19, on the certificate of Councilor Barland that the work has been completed according to agreement.—Carried.
By-law No. 58 was passed, and the council then adjourned. M. G. ALEY, clerk.

BRAVE WORDS FOR CANADA.

At the banquet of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Districts Dental Societies of the State of New York, held in Syracuse recently, when 200 members from all parts of the State attended, including many ladies, several judges and clergymen, Drs. Wilmott, Cesar, Roberts and Snelgrove, of Toronto, and Dr. Beers, of Montreal were present. I am able, through the courtesy of Mr. R. L. Spearman, shorthand reporter, to send you Dr. Beers' reply to the strangely worded toast, "Professional Annexation." Dr. Beers spoke as follows: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I must confess to a great deal of embarrassment in replying to a toast which is intended to be both professional and political, but I have been specially asked to do so by the chairman, and if I should offend anyone, as I must say exactly what I think, I can only offer to settle on the spot by inviting you, as the boys say, to "come out in the alley!" I have neither the presumption nor the vanity to imagine that I am able to do justice to the personal and professional courtesies which Doctor Jonathan has always bestowed upon his Canadian friends, as well as the magnificent ignorance—sometimes ill-natured—which Senator Jonathan has recently lavished upon his Canadian foes. But I can assure you that not even the professional liars who supply the New York Herald with Canadian news, or the wily politicians who eat locked lightning for breakfast and dynamite for dinner, not even the insincere malice of men who hate Canada, as they may hate Cyprus, because it belongs to Britain; not even this can lessen the admiration Canadians have for the many noble and generous traits of character which belong to their American cousins. I am sure I speak, too, for my brethren from loyal Toronto, when I say that we have too often been under deep professional obligations to the kind nature of the cousin we still, from custom, call "brother," not to know that however we differ politically, you

RESPECT OUR NATIONAL CONVICTIONS.

as you wish your own respected; and that as you choose at us hard, you have enough of English fair play to take a doubling back, and to allow the possibility of Canadians loving and defending the fame and good name of the Dominion, quite as much as you love and defend that of your Republic. No one more than loyal Americans would despise the politician who carries his patriotism in his pocket; the shiftness of the political parasite who would make patriotism a house of cards, and dollars the chief end of a people; intrigues who have out secession or annexation when they fail to get their political crimes or crochets ennobled; men whose hunger for notoriety and power is a fever of their existence. I am sure that you could have nothing but contempt for any free people who measure their allegiance purely by commercial standards, and who, fearing to face the difficulties which meet every nation, turn peddlers instead of protectors of their national integrity. But as you had and have your own words we have ours, but, Mr. Chairman, Canada is not for sale! There have been prophets like Golden Smith since the days of Elizabeth who have predicted England's decline within their time, but all the colonial greatness of England has been developed since the time of Elizabeth. We have as you have litter partisans in the press and in politics who delight to fowl their own nest, who revel in the rain that destroys the crops, and who sincerely believe they can change the climate if they would change the Government. We have a few of those witnesses of security who assume to possess a monopoly of knowledge, and who like Chas. Laigla, think the world would have been better made could they have been consulted. But these people no more represent the convictions of Canadians than O'Rourke's or your fire-eating politicians and jokers represent those of true Americans. I have no desire to hurt anyone's feelings here, but I hope I may be allowed to say something to remove the infatuation too prevalent in the States that

CANADA FAVORS ANNEXATION.

Were we to judge you as you judge us—by the wording of the croakers, what value could we put upon your union, and would not feel like agreeing with Rosette Johnson, who in his "Short History of the War of Secession," just published in Boston, thinks he sees in certain national circumstances the threatening elements of a second civil war? For years before the last civil war you had fire eaters whose arrogance and vanity knew no bounds; who were advised by the Canadian press to study the elements of discord in the South instead of looking for new ones in the North. It was just the same when years before that Georgia and Carolina appealed to arms and defied the general Government. Surely two threatened disruptions and one terrible civil war in the history of a century should be enough. But last Fourth of July I was near enough the "Reunion of the North and South" on the battlefield of Gettysburg, to see the ex-Confederates wearing the starred and barred badge, with the inscription upon it, "That was the flag of treason and rebellion in 1861 and it is the flag of treason and rebellion in 1888." I recall the protest of General Wagner, General Gobin and the Quartermaster General of the Grand Army of the Republic against the gush and glorification of rebels because they had been rebels. I heard one officer boast that Southern privateers had destroyed \$500,000,000 of your property, and had driven a quarter of a million tons of your shipping to make transfer to the British flag. I heard another gloat over the fact that they had nearly captured Philadelphia. I heard scores declare that they had not been beaten but starved. Reflecting upon this, and hearing at this very hour the discordant echoes from that quarter, it strikes me that if Senators like Mr. Blaine are sincere in their effusive professions of patriotism, they could find a good deal to monopolize their genius down there in Dixie without meddling in the politics or the future of Canada. Canada minds

its own business, and does not worry itself over yours, though you have coddled and dry-nursed her enemies, and when she was at peace with you, allowed a horde of your citizens to invade her. Frankly I may say that while I believe Canada

HAS BEEN A FAIR NEIGHBOR.

too often she had not found her cousin one. If for once in the Treaty of Washington, remembering Maine, Oregon and San Juan, she did not let your diplomats get the better of her, she felt that she was given you at least a reasonable quid pro quo. During the civil war we allowed your armed troops to cross from Detroit to Niagara on Canadian territory on the Great Western railway; but during the Red River rebellion of 1869, your Government refused leave to one of our vessels to go up the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and arms and ammunition were transhipped at considerable delay. When the St. Albans raiders, unknown to us, entered your territory from Canada, your Government was asked for its bill of damages and it was paid. When the Alabama claims bill was presented, it was paid so well that, years after every possible claim was settled, your Government retains a large balance which should have been refunded to Britain! What about the damage done to Canada in Canada by your citizens during the Fenian raids, most of them wearing the uniform of branches of your national troops? Not a cent has been paid. You expected Canada to know that a few quiet and straggling Southerners intended to raid St. Albans; you thought that England should have known that a solitary cruiser intended leaving one of her ports to prey upon your commerce. But what a splendid display of reciprocal consistency, that thousands of armed men should openly muster and drill in your chief cities for months before; openly occupy your border towns and villages, and attempt to invade us, and your Government comparatively oblivious! In the face of these facts, it is not easy to swallow the statements or believe in the honesty of public men who talk of the exactions and encroachments of a people of 6,000,000 upon a people of 60,000,000.

CANADA CANNOT BE COERCED

or forced into union with such examples of political hypocrisy. There was a time, twenty years ago, when we were discontented provinces; when Canada proper contained only 370,498 square miles; when we had few railways; when stagnation seemed to mark us; when we had no winter outlet of our own to the sea; when our great North-west was a great unknown. Even then annexation was unpopular. There had not been enough accomplished then by Canadian statesmen to make their rivals envious, and your statesmen did not dream that we could build a railway to connect with the Maritime and the Ohio provinces, or that with a population of only 6,000,000, we would dare to span the continent with another, a work not accomplished by the States until they had 50,000,000. But can you be deceived into the belief that confederated Canada is now for sale, when since Confederation, twenty years ago, our revenue or consolidated fund has immensely increased; when our shipping and our tonnage has more than doubled; when Canada stands fifth on the list of nations; when our vessels' tonnage is old France, Spain, Italy or Russia; when the assets of our chartered banks, the value of our imports, the extent of our exports tell a story of our marvelous progress; when, instead of a out 2,000 miles of railway in 1867, we have now about 14,000, giving us a greater length of mileage than other part of the Empire; when the Canadian Pacific railway has established a line of steamers between Vancouver and Hong Kong and Japan, and our great Canadian line has become of imperial importance; when we have developed our inexhaustible fisheries, thanks to your abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty, so that we have 75,000 boats now sailing our vessels and other wise engaged in the business, and for 1887 we value those fisheries at \$20,000,000! Can you wonder that annexation, as a serious subject, has received its doom, and that in spite of the intoxication of rhetorical conceit on the one side, and the croaking of malcontents and political tramps on the other, Canada is loyal to the mother country, from whose aid and loans both of its sprang? Confederated Canada, rejected Canada, loyal Canada, progressive Canada, is a personal and pointed insult to the sore-headed parties who opposed Confederation, and who would welcome

ANNEXATION TO TURKEY OR RUSSIA

were we neighbors, or rejoice even at annihilation rather than live the agonizing life of seeing their prospects and predictions destroyed. There were millions of your own citizens glad to do their worst to dismember your union; there were thousands who gave their lives to wreck the Republic that their own State interests might be promoted. Yet when a few obscure croakers in Canada declare in favor of annexation, you think they speak the sentiment of a sober people who do not find it necessary to indulge in the spectacular or the rhetorical that you may see and hear the truth. You choose to ignore the treason of many a Southern newspaper to-day as you did twenty years ago, and you exult as gospel the partisans of the Canadian press who are incapable of telling the truth.

Personally and professionally I am sure any dentist who visits you forgets he is not an American, and I am sure we try to make Americans coming to Canada forget they are not Canadians. You have big and hospitable hearts that were intended for hospitality and not for quarrel. Personally and even commercially we can find so many points of common agreement that we should overlook the few where we must agree to differ. Politically I realize I am a foreigner here the moment I cross the line. I am at home when I land at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, at Queenstown, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, New Guinea, Jamaica, Barbados or Trinidad. Politically I have a share in and am proud of the glorious old flag which waves over New Zealand, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, West Africa, Ceylon, St. Helena, Natal, British Honduras, Dominica, the Bahamas, Grenada, Barbados and India. England is an old and apt master in annexation. Since she lost the thirteen colonies here, she has annexed colonies far greater in area and population, of far more value to her than if they were joined to her three kingdoms, while Spain, Portugal, Holland and France have lost theirs, and there is little or nothing for any other nation to annex. I need no other passport to the rights of a British subject, and the citizen of a great realm, comprising 65 territories and islands, than my Canadian birthright. I do not measure my national

boundary from Atlantic to the Pacific, but from the Pacific to the Caribbean.

UNDER THE REIGN OF VICTORIA

no Canadian need be ashamed to belong to an Empire which embraces a fifth of the inhabitable globe, and to know that his own Dominion forms nearly a half of the whole; an Empire five times as large as that which was under Darius; four times the size of that under ancient Rome; sixteen times greater than France; 40 times greater than United Germany; three times larger than the United States; India nearly a million and a quarter square miles; Canada, 600,000 square miles larger than the States, with-out Alaska; and 18,000 square miles larger with it! An Empire nearly 9,000,000 of square miles, with a population of 310,000,000. Shakers in such a realm; heirs to such vast and varied privileges, Canadians are not for sale. Political annexation must then remain a bug-a-boo for disappointed politicians on our side to play with, and a bubble for certain Senators to blow to decoy their innocent fanatics at home. But there is an annexation we favor, that of brotherly friendship and political good-will. You have \$4,000,000 the start of us. Are you the Colossus afraid of Canada as a political David? Canada has been a good neighbor. When Lincoln and Garfield died, the Dominion was in mourning. Whenever any of your men-of-war come into our ports, the citizens rejoice and give them the hospitality of the cities. There are constant reciprocal treaties being made every day in the years between us at the altar of Hyman. At many of our banquets the toast of the President follows that to the Queen. At most of our public gatherings your flag entwines ours. From most of our pulpits prayers are offered for your ruler as well as for ours. That is the sort of alliance we do more than you do to promote. We want, too, far commercial reciprocity, but we will not take commercial union for it, or lend our necks to our knees for either. Whatever betides, we can both be loyal to our own political countries; we can both be fair, even to our own national and natural prejudices, and while Canadians may neighborly pray "God bless the Republic," may not in as friendly a spirit reciprocate with "God save the Queen."

CAUTION.

EACH FLAG OF THE

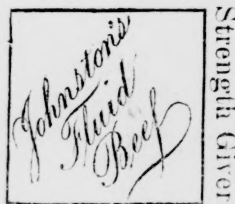
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T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTER.

None Other is Genuine.



THIS IS WHAT

Johnston's Fluid Beef

CLAIMS TO BE.

And its claims are fully authenticated by the Highest Medical and Scientific Authority in England and America, and a great multitude who have tested its merits. It is not confined to Invalids and Convalescents, but verily who wishes to develop a strong, robust constitution should take a regular and more its wonderful strengthening and invigorating power.

COMING TO HIS KNEES.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

After spending Ten Winters South, was Cured by Scott's Emulsion.

145 Centre St., New York.

June 20th, 1888.

The Winter after the great flu in Chicago I contracted Bronchial affections, and since then have been obliged to spend nearly every winter South. Last November was advised to try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and to my surprise was relieved at once, and by continuing its use three months was entirely cured, gained flesh and strength and was able to stand even the Elizard and attend to business every day.



We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—Some tried it all the rest. So we know it's the best. (Lightest, "Cause her bread is the whitest, her hair are the best and all the praise she does not before us. BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 6 CENTS.

XMAS PRESENTS!

Xmas is Coming! Just Arrived

—AT—

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE

PLUSH GOODS!

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